

SEEING "DRINK" SPOILS THIRST

Charles Warner's Portrayal of a Man Fighting the Demon has Strange Effect on Academy of Music Audience.

NO "TREATS" DURING
THE INTERMISSIONS.

English Actor's Fine Work Puts
Hardened Men Under Spell—
They Meekly Wait for the
Stirring Climax.

After playing for 3,000 nights in London in Charles Read's great moral melodrama, "Drink," Charles Warner, the English actor, made his first appearance at the Academy of Music last night and took his audience by storm.

The play reads a temperance lesson, the horror of which is appalling, because of the magnificent dramatic force of Mr. Warner's acting, and after the fourth act, in which he began his wonderful transition from all that is delightful in healthy manhood to all that revolts and terrifies in the brutish moods of the drunkard, not a man in the audience left his seat to take a drink.

Broadway and Fourteenth street theatre-goers were equally distributed in the audience, men and women hardened to the thrills of the melodrama and its moral lessons taught in the triumph of virtue. They had come to see a man heralded as a great actor, but they had expected to study him critically and from their various standpoints. Instead they shuddered with horror at the terrifying portrayal of the drunkard in his brutish and delicious moods.

Thirsts Were Forgotten.

Men with elbows shiny from leaning on Third Avenue bars forgot the ever-present thirst and sat meekly and patiently through the intermission. Many to whom sickening bar-room scenes were commonplace, turned away their heads from the staggering, besotted creature before them, who but a moment before had delighted with his splendid strength.

They withheld their eyes for but a moment, however, for the fascination of Mr. Warner's splendid acting was as irresistible as it was terrifying. And stranger than all these was the absence of a scoff in the entire audience, whether in orchestra or gallery. The efforts of Couperau (Mr. Warner) to resist the temptations to drink, acted with thrilling reality, brought burst after burst of applause from those who but a few moments before were calling loudly upon their friends to "have another." And when the first drink was taken and the awful transformation began, a storm of hissing greeted the display of weakness.

Availing the Climax.
So wonderful an effect had the powerful acting of Mr. Warner upon the men in the audience that they did not even discuss it among themselves during the intermissions. The suspense was carried through the entr'actes, and men and women sat silently and grimly awaiting the climax of the horror come.

This climax came in the fifth act, when Mr. Warner is at his best. When the audience had done paying its respect to the genius of the English actor after the final act it fled out of the theatre in silence, making no comment on the way, nor did the neighborhood saloons draw one patron from the after-theatre crowd.

It is a nerve-racking scene, in which the shrunken, haggard-visaged drunkard, just from the alcoholic ward in a hospital, "cured," makes his last painful fight to resist the brandy that has been brought into the wretched attic by his wife's enemy. This scene stamps itself in all its awful details upon the memory to its ghastly climax, when the drunkard dies in frightful delirium before his wife and child.

HAROLD R. VYNNE DIES IN ASYLUM.

Novelist and Poet of New York and Chicago Had Been Declared Insane.

Harold Richard Vynne, novelist, poet, society reporter and at one time editor of Town Topics, died in the Dunning Asylum, Chicago, yesterday. After being in restraint at the County Hospital for a month, he was on Sept. 10 committed to the asylum on a diagnosis of insanity.

Mr. Vynne was one of the brilliant young newspaper men who came out of the West a few years ago. He had plenty of talent, but his peculiar eccentricities kept him ever in hot water.

To New Yorkers Harold Vynne was known chiefly as the editor of Town Topics, owned by William D. Mann, humorously called the Colonel. The "Colonel's" daughter became one of his wives.

Vynne's most pretentious work was the novel, "The Woman That's Good."

Disappeared After
RETURN FROM EUROPE.

Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Woman, Last heard of Off Ellis Island, Never Reached Friends' Home.

Mrs. David Edwards, of No. 5 Manning avenue, Jersey City, asked the police yesterday to look for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Austin Flynn, of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Mrs. Edwards said Mrs. Flynn went to England last summer to get an inheritance of \$2,000 and returned on the Oceanic.

Mrs. Jones, of Wilkesbarre, informed Mrs. Edwards that Mrs. Flynn was on Ellis Island Aug. 29, but Mrs. Edwards could not get any later trace of her. Mrs. Flynn wrote to Mrs. Edwards that she was going to stop in Jersey City and visit Mrs. Edwards.

Mrs. Flynn had fair hair, blue eyes, is thirty-five years old and is five feet six inches tall. Her health has not been good.

SCENE IN THE SECOND ACT OF "ULYSSES," IN WHICH PENELOPE (MISS ROSE COGHLAN) IS CALLED UPON BY HER SUITORS TO "CHOOSE."



"ULYSSES" POETIC AND SPECTACULAR

New Play Is Excellent Example
of Dramatic Writing and Fur-
nishes Striking Picture at the
Garden.

Hot as it was in the Garden Theatre last night, a rapturous public seemed to enjoy the few fleeting glimpses of hell accorded by the courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman. To be sure, a few captious mortals were heard to whisper that this hell was built on the same fire-escape principle as Mr. Belasco's nether-world, but fire and brimstone no one has a monopoly of hell. And, anyhow, they say Mr. Belasco had a squirt of the "Ulysses" style of hell in London before he cooked up "The Darling of the Gods" in Forty-second street.

Be that as it may, we're not going to make odious sulphurous comparisons. We're satisfied to note that in the latest hell on earth there's a flying ballet, whereas in the Belasco brand we had the drifting drapery illusion, down on the programme as the "River of Souls."

This goes to show there's variety even in hell—and we can't imagine a place where variety could be more acceptable.

Excellent Poetry.

"Ulysses" is a striking spectacle, and the verse in which Stephen Phillips tells the familiar story of the Homeric hero's sojourn on an enchanted island and his trip home through the Satanic subway is an excellent example of poetic writing.

The beauties of the scene on Calypso's island, with its magic blending of blue and gold and purple and yellow and violet, its soft, shimmering lights and shadows, and its broad stretches of deeper coloring, seize and charm the eye and cause the spectator to marvel at the mysteries of stagecraft.

And then when Ulysses has freed himself from alien power and stands at the black, yawning entrance to the bug-a-bon place, out of which comes weird wailing, you feel you should shiver if the weather would permit, and that with to-morrow you will begin to lead another life.

You take a long breath when Ulysses plunges in with "I'd go down to hell, if I could!" and you follow him with a great deal of interest and anxiety through his wanderings.

It's anything but a pleasant place, this hole he's gotten himself into. High above him on every side rear gray, grim rocks, with only a few faint rays of light streaking the cave of darkness. Shadowy forms float through the air, first high up in the uncertain half-light, then down so close to the line that divides the mimic and the real world above you that you hear the swishing of the "spirit" and wonder whether she was a high-flyer while on earth.

Sees Old Tantalus.

Ulysses is shown tasty old Tantalus reaching for the grapes he never gets; Sisyphus rolling the stone that gathers no moss, and poor old Prometheus doing his solitary stunt.

Next the souls of little children plead with him in a tragic treble and souls of suicides beg him to lead them to the light. They glide in, one by one, until a great host of white, shadowy figures stand stretching out their arms to him while he mounts upward until he stands in the radiance of the sun.

Those other poor devils, the stage hands, also seem to be having a rather strenuous time of it, and the aide from the thunder to look after worked so hard to add to the horrors of hell that occasionally the audience relieved the strain by giggling a bit.

Ulysses, who is lucky enough to escape a hot flash, gets home just in time to prevent his wife from committing bigamy, and to indulge in a little "rough house."

An Heroic Figure.

While the Ulysses of Tyrone Power was by no means so fine and impressive



TYRONE POWER AND OLIVE OLIVER AS ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

a piece of acting as was his Judas in "Marty of Magdala," he was an heroic figure, and though suffering from hoarseness spoke his lines with distinct, resonant effect and acted his unusual role in a fairly convincing manner. Rose Coghlan made a trite but mature Penelope, but commanded admiration for her diction, despite the fact that it occasionally smacked of "eloquence."

Adelaide Prince scored complete artistic success as Athene. Edgar Selywn, as the son of Ulysses, performed the feat of looking the audience straight in the eye for ten minutes while a rival crew palmed; and other members of a large cast contributed well-drawn characterizations. One of these, Fuller Mellich, had to "double in brass," so to speak, it being required of him to both play a swineherd and to imitate the sounds of grunting pigs—in the achievement of which he showed both talent and the result of a well-spent summer in the country.

"A JERSEY LILY" LIKED.

After several dress and other rehearsals, "Blanche Ring in a new musical comedy," as the programme reads, will in all probability be favored by the public at large.

As a first night audience that of last evening was certainly of the model kind from the managerial viewpoint. Everything seemed satisfactory, judging from the noisy applause that began in the back of the house and extended like a wave to the footlights. The audience found as much pleasure in what was badly done as in what was creditable and genuinely good.

The book of "The Jersey Lily" is not screamingly funny. That was George V. Hobart's part of it. The music, by Reginald de Koven, is tuneful, pretty, and full of bright numbers but lacking in novelty. The lyrics, which are numerous, are catchy and bright.

Miss Ring has many capital songs. "Biddie," in the second act, being bidden to her, "My Dear Old Jersey Home" is a finale full of sweet music and tears.

The chorus, a feature of the show, is full of possibilities. It is large, has plenty of volume and voice and in varied prettiness is quite up to the standard of feminine beauty set by Lederer years ago.

Miss Beaumont, whose drinking song in "The Blonde in Black" was the hit of that show, is politely kept in the far background.

OPENINGS ELSEWHERE.

Mrs. Fiske, in her admirable production of "Marty of Magdala," which was one of the notable successes of last season, began a limited season at the Manhattan. "No Wedding Bells for Mar,"

SIRE WANTS MISS GILMAN'S SERVICES

Theatrical Manager Seeks an
Order Restraining Her Ap-
pearance in the London
Production of "Dolly Varden."

Decision was reserved by Justice Bischoff, in the Supreme Court, to-day, upon an application by Leander S. Sire, of the Bijou Theatre, for an injunction pending the trial of the action restraining Samuel S. Shubert, Les Shubert, Jacob Shubert and Frank Hennessey, from employing Mabelle Gilman, who was the star in "The Mocking Bird," and enjoying Miss Gilman from appearing under their management at the Avenue Theatre, London, in the comic opera, "Dolly Varden."

It is claimed by Sire that Miss Gilman entered into a contract with him for four years, of which one year only has expired, by which she bound herself to play under the management of nobody else. She had, however, entered into a contract with the Shuberts to play, and he asked that she be restrained from so doing.

A. H. Hummel and William Klein, who appeared for the Shuberts and Miss Gilman, stated that the alleged contract between Sire and Miss Gilman was a mere sham, and that they were not in the least surprised that it had not been submitted to the court in support of the motion for an injunction. The document was full of glaring omissions.

Even admitting for a moment that the agreement was legal, the application would be denied as the contract had been broken by Mr. Sire, as he had not paid the salary agreed upon to Miss Gilman.

BOY RODE TO DEATH ON BICYCLE HE WON

Charles Kephart, the pride of his father and mother, the honor boy in his school, and the best loved boy of his age in the Bronx, lies dead in his father's home, No. 68 East One Hundred and Forty-third street. A bicycle, which he had coveted long and which caused his death, stands broken in the hallway, a mute witness to the tragedy.

Young Kephart—his name was only ten—the son of the Rev. Charles Kephart, pastor of the Northern New York Congregational Church, at Willis avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. He was a scholar in the Public School at One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and College avenue.

When the preacher's son started to school three years ago he easily distanced all the pupils in his class. He got the scholarship medal when the season ended.

"I wish you would give me a bicycle for that," he told his father. The father advised the boy to wait until he was older, and added:

"If you keep on winning medals I will give you a bicycle when you are older," he said. The second year Charles worked with the bicycle in view as a reward. Again he led his class in the winter holidays, and again he asked his father for the bicycle.

Charles worked hard all last year. He did not know that he had made two years in advance, and when he applied for admission into his old school. When the news was told him he ran home as fast as his legs would carry him.

"I've won that bicycle," he called to his mother. To his delight, he saw the bicycle waiting for him. It was all bright and new and shining. He sprang upon it and started with a boyish yell of delight. Down the street he sped, the wheels swerving from side to side. He was not an accomplished rider. A big van drawn by two horses was approaching him from the other side of the street. The boy had lost control of his wheel and it made for the van. He toppled and fell, and the heavy wheels passed over the prostrate boy's body.

They carried the lifeless boy to his home. To-morrow his school-fellows will go to the house in a body and will accompany him to his grave.

WARM WELCOME FOR NED HARRIGAN

The Famous Old-Timer Re-
ceives a Great Ovation on
His Return to New York
Footlights.

HIS PLAY IS A BIG HIT.

"Under Cover" Is Tuneful, Witty,
Logical and a Pleasant Change
from the Wearisome Jangles that
Have Been the Vogue.

Then shoulder your guns and march,
march away—
From Jackson street all up to Avenue A;
The fites and drums all merrily, merrily
play,
As we march, march, march in the Mulligan
Guards.

You have all heard it and you have all sung it and you have all sung it again long before there was a "Good Old Summer Time" heard or dreamt of. Those who were fortunate enough to go to the Murray Hill Theatre last night felt like singing it again, because there was Ned Harrigan with the same old, unctuous smile, the same old rising inflection that of late has been the vogue in the old days when the Mulligan Guards were the people of the hour.

Somehow it dawned on one that Harrigan was needed in New York. There was such a goulash of impossible Bulgarians of direful islands, of rickety-crickety "showers" which were built around sextettes and yodels and things that the jaded spirits longed for a change if it were only to hear again of the

Many happy evenings I spent when but a lad,
On Paddy Duffy's lumber cart safe
away from dad;
It stood around the corner near the
old lamplight.

You should see the congregation there every summer night.

You just should have watched that audience in the Murray Hill Theatre last night rise to the rhythm of the songs that daddy used to sing and then look at the wise men who predicted the old jokes home for Harrigan. They came to wonder if New York would stand for a dead one.

They saw a remarkable sight. As soon as Harrigan came before the footlights with that inimitable glide and the lob-sided smirk there was a roar that made the pounding of the drums in the subway sound like hail on a tin roof. The roar continued for fully three minutes. Most wild and women waved programmes and handkerchiefs, while Harrigan stood with his heart in the mouth of him like a big gubberla.

As soon as he could speak he made a few remarks by way of thanks and then slipped around to the "Cover" side. If the play "Under Cover" they call it—would go on without interruption then, but the roar broke forth anew when Annie Yeamans appeared. The old girl looked as she used to when she played with Harrigan and Hart twenty years ago in the old Comique. She smiled like a queen as she stepped wagon and patted Harrigan on the cheek, at which there was another chorus of approving yells.

There was an outbreak whenever any of Harrigan's famous old company came out. Joseph Sparks, Dan Collier, Harry Fischer and George Merritt in turn came in for their share, and the second generation, represented by Miss Jennie Yeamans, Ida Brahman, daughter of the leader whose fortunes were cast for so many years with Harrigan, and Louise Wild, daughter of the famous Johnny.

Then the play went on. A curious thing was displayed in the "Cover Cover." It presented men and women who talked of Avenue B and Hunter's Point and Riverside Drive and Coney Island. The men were the real types one sees on the Third Avenue cars. The women were those you might meet at a hundred places in New York. All talked about intelligible things, and they made real jokes and sang tuneful songs. All of which was a far cry from what one has been seeing in Broadway that there will be a rush to the Murray Hill as soon as the doubters find out what a really good show is being produced there.

FORCED TO RESIGN.
Lost a Good Position Through Bad Food.

"I felt immediately better after my first meal on Grape-Nuts, which I began to use after my health had broken down and I was a nervous wreck."

"My stomach was in such a condition that I could eat nothing, and trying to eat was a burden to me. My pulse ran up to 115 and my weight fell 21 pounds; I got so I couldn't work, and was forced to resign a good position. I took milk punches between meals and quit meat altogether, but nothing improved my appetite and the condition of my stomach. I finally went on one meal a day, and had to force myself to eat that, and was rapidly starving, until one day a friend suggested Grape-Nuts."

"Although my palate and stomach had rebelled against all other foods, Grape-Nuts agreed immediately, and I really relished this food, while the changes in my condition have been wonderful. My weight increased from the start, and I have now regained 12 pounds, while my pulse is normal and I am a new person all over. Life seems worth living and I enjoy all my meals."

"To make sure that this change was due to Grape-Nuts I made the experiment of leaving off the food for five days, but I began to go back very rapidly that I concluded I had satisfied my curiosity in this respect, and I went back to Grape-Nuts again in a hurry and began to pick up again. Grape-Nuts certainly touched the spot, and I did the work." Nostra given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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